THE

Blue Bell of Scotland.

AH where, and ah where is your highland laddie gone?
He's gone to fight the Frenchmen for George upon his throne,
And tis oh, in my heart, I wish him safe at home.

Oh where, and oh where, does your highland Laddie dwell?
He dwelt at merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell,
And tis oh, in my heart, I love my Laddie well.

In what cloaths, in what cloaths, is your highland Laddie clad?
His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waistcoat's of the plad,
And tis oh, in my heart, I love my bonny lad.

What would you do if your highland lad should die?
The bagpipes should play over him, I'd set medwon to cry.
And tis oh, in my heart, I hope he may not die.

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